

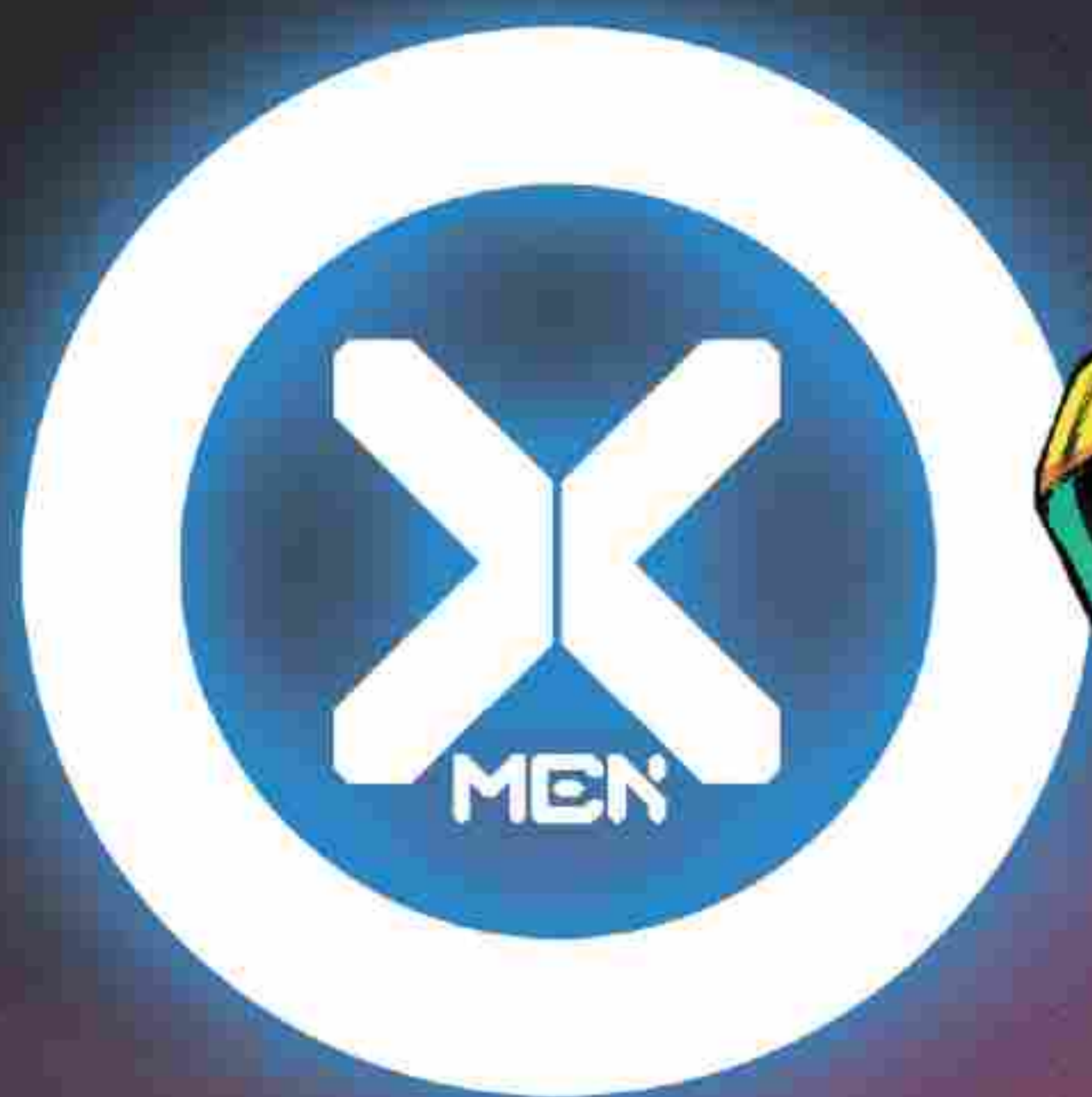
MARVEL

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020

DUGGAN
CASELLI
BLEE





The X-Men aren't the Avengers. We don't wait for bodies to drop to suit up. Letting the Brood exist is antithetical to all life in the galaxy. How long are we supposed to let this go on?

-- CYCLOPS



[x-men_[0.00] ...]
[x-men_[0.20] ...]
[x-men_alpha.]

Arakko. First world of the mutant empire and capital of Sol.

Zzzzz.

The Jean Grey School had enrollment from Earth...and beyond. Broo was one such special student who was not exactly a mutant, nor was he from Earth. Today, he is the monarch of the Brood species...

...and his crown is of Arakkii straw.

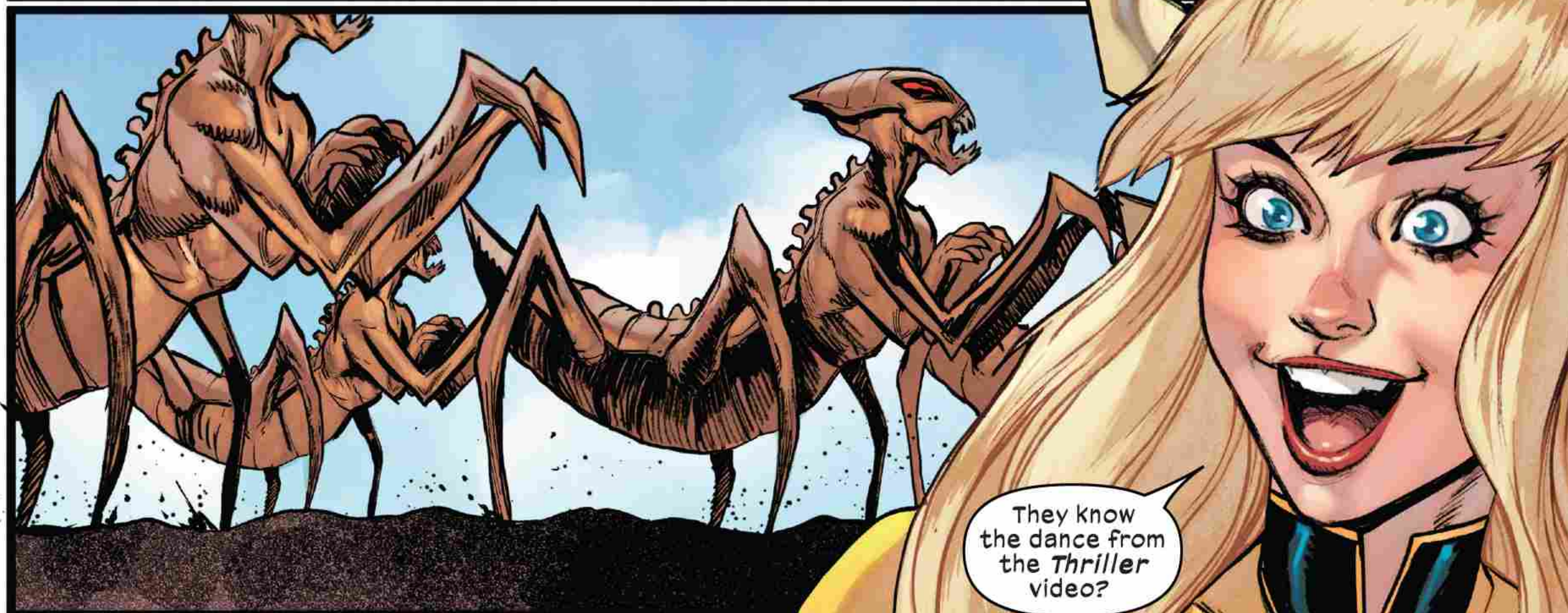
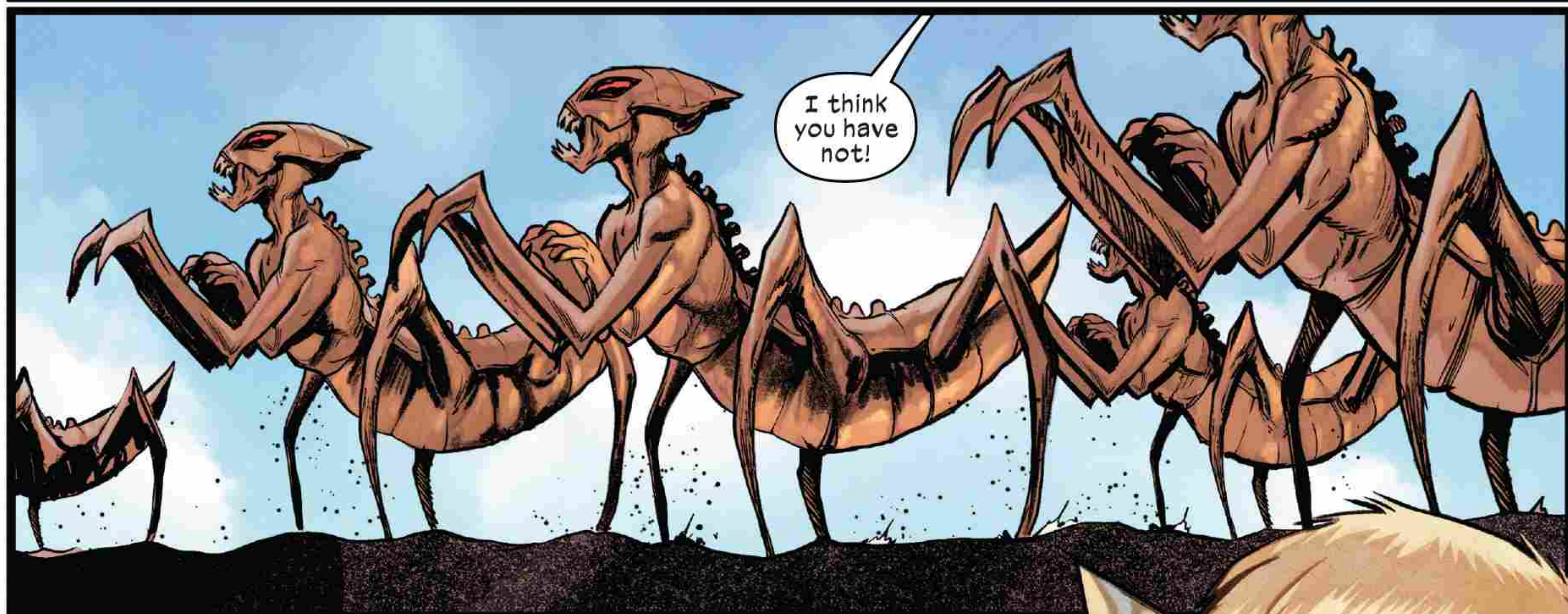
You up, Broo, bro?

Magik?
Jean? Why are you here?

The Brood are rampaging--

--and we're wondering what's wrong, since you promised us you were their unchallenged monarch.

It's *not* possible that the Brood are attacking anyone without my consent.



My subjects
know anything I want
them to, yes.

I **TOLD**
you I was in
control.

YAWN

Hmm.

And how
are you sleeping,
Broo? You seem...
tired.

I *am* a little tired. I came to Arakko
to study our mutant cousins, and I've
been having some *nightmares*. I'm
sure it's just the change of planets.
New things to be allergic to
and so forth.

Broo.
I need you to
open your mind
to me.

We haven't done
anything wrong.

What if
I'd rather
not?

I wasn't
asking.

X-MEN

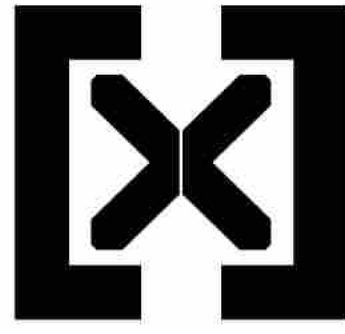
**BROO, BRO...
SHE WASN'T
ASKING.**

Synch and the recently rescued Talon's (the original version of Laura Kinney, thought to have died in the Vault) romantic reunion has been rudely interrupted by a distress call from Cyclops' father, Corsair, who had been ambushed by a horde of the parasitic monsters known as the Brood.

While Synch, Talon and Cyclops were able to rescue Corsair, Firestar and Iceman have been doing their best to clear a path for their escape. Meanwhile, Jean and Magik have split off to find Brood, the mutant Brood who should have been in control of the Brood hive mind...raising the question: *Why are they attacking?*

Meanwhile, Forge and Penance have embarked on a mission to investigate the whereabouts of Knowhere, the space station built into the decaying head of a Celestial that had been subsumed by a black hole. However, upon walking through the still-active Krakoa gateway to Knowhere, they quickly find that they may have bitten off more than they can chew when they discover their own dead bodies upon arrival.

*To see where the Brood are threatening another corner of the Marvel Universe, check out ***CAPTAIN MARVEL #46!***



“LORD OF THE BROOD,
PART TWO”

20

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Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

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A distant planetoid.
If it ever had a name,
it's lost to the ages.

No Nova Corpsman has ever
visited. The inhabitants
marooned there today call
it "Refugee Rock."

Covering
fire!

Literally.

I hope
whoever's ship
we're "borrowing"
is already on
board.

More likely
they've already
been turned by
the Brood!



Corsair's near-death experience at the hand of the parasitic species has Cyclops angrier than he's been in a long while.

Dad, I dunno if you can hear me, but we're gonna make it out, and we're gonna make sure this never happens to anyone else again.

X-Men,
I'm on my way to the bridge!

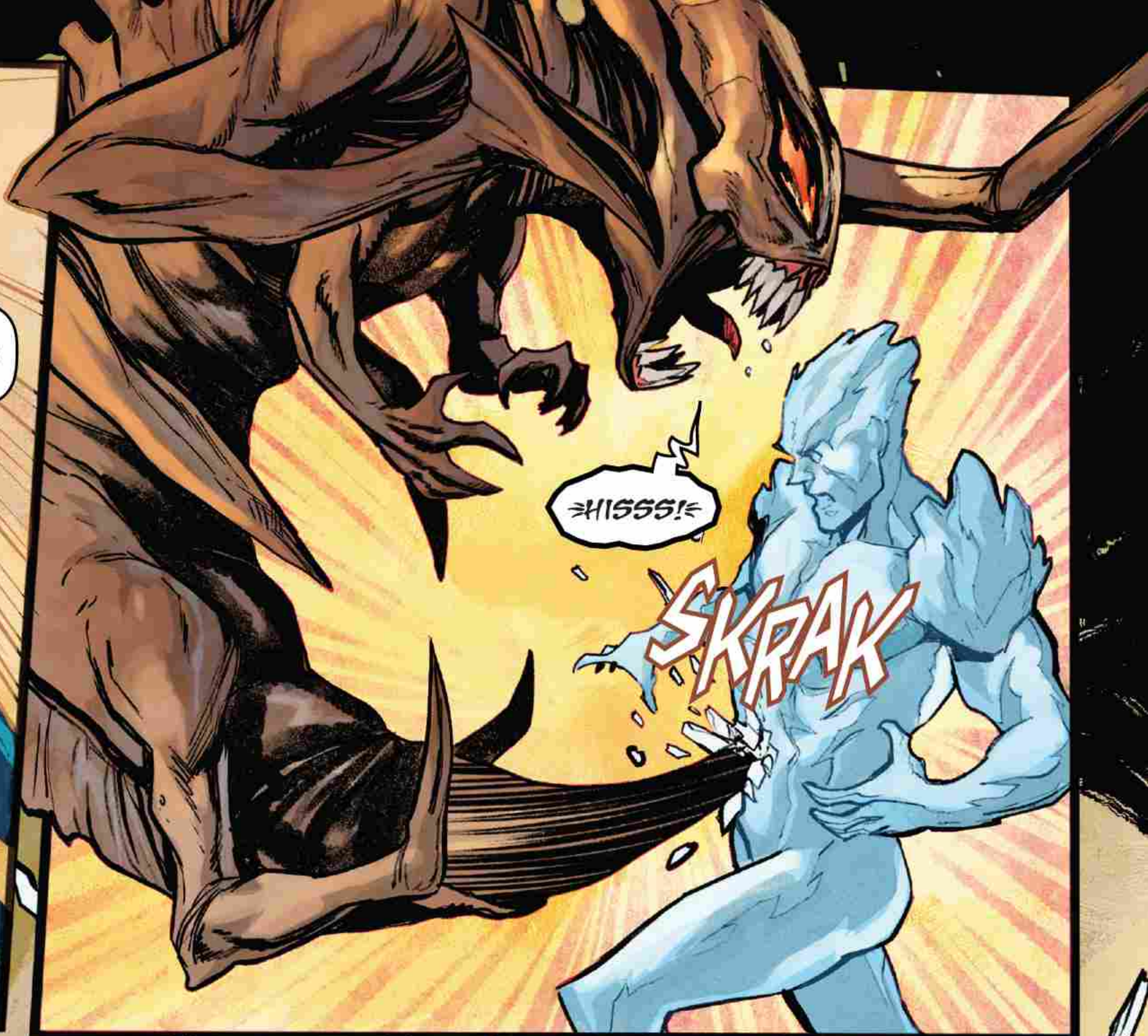
We leave the second the last survivor is aboard.

Punch it even if I don't get aboard. The Brood can't infect my body while I'm ice.

Start the engines, Cyclops-- we're almost on!



I guess
you didn't
hear me?



»HISS!»

SKRAK



you
can't hurt
me--



--you can
only make me
angry.



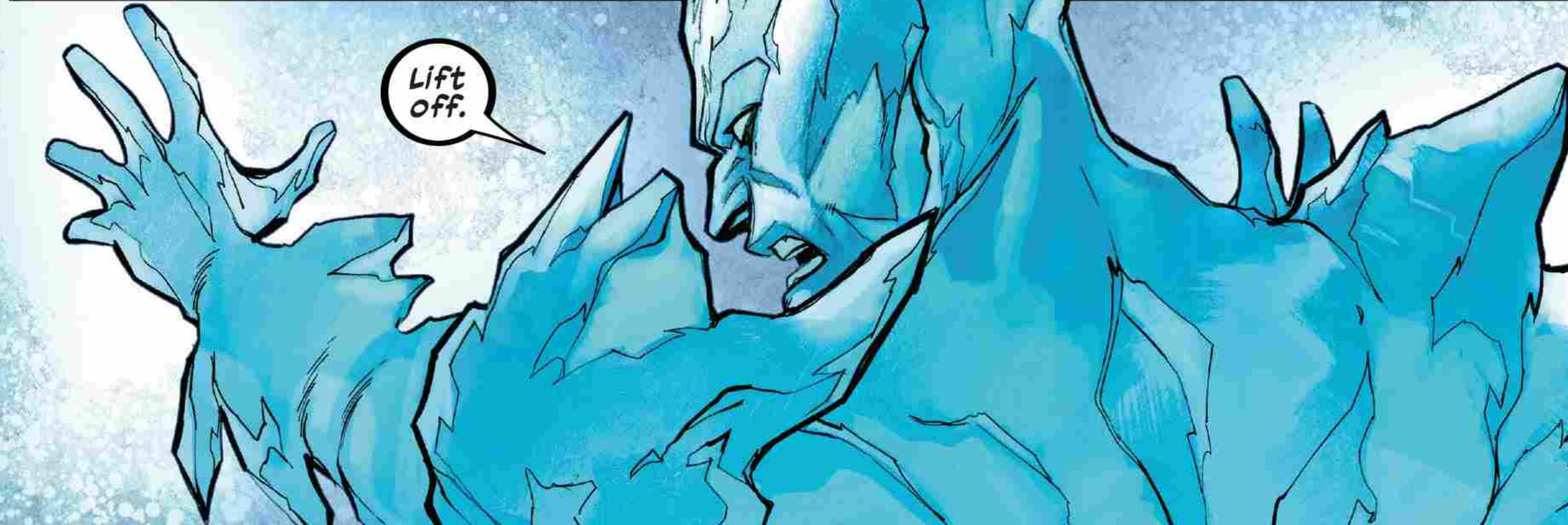
DIE!

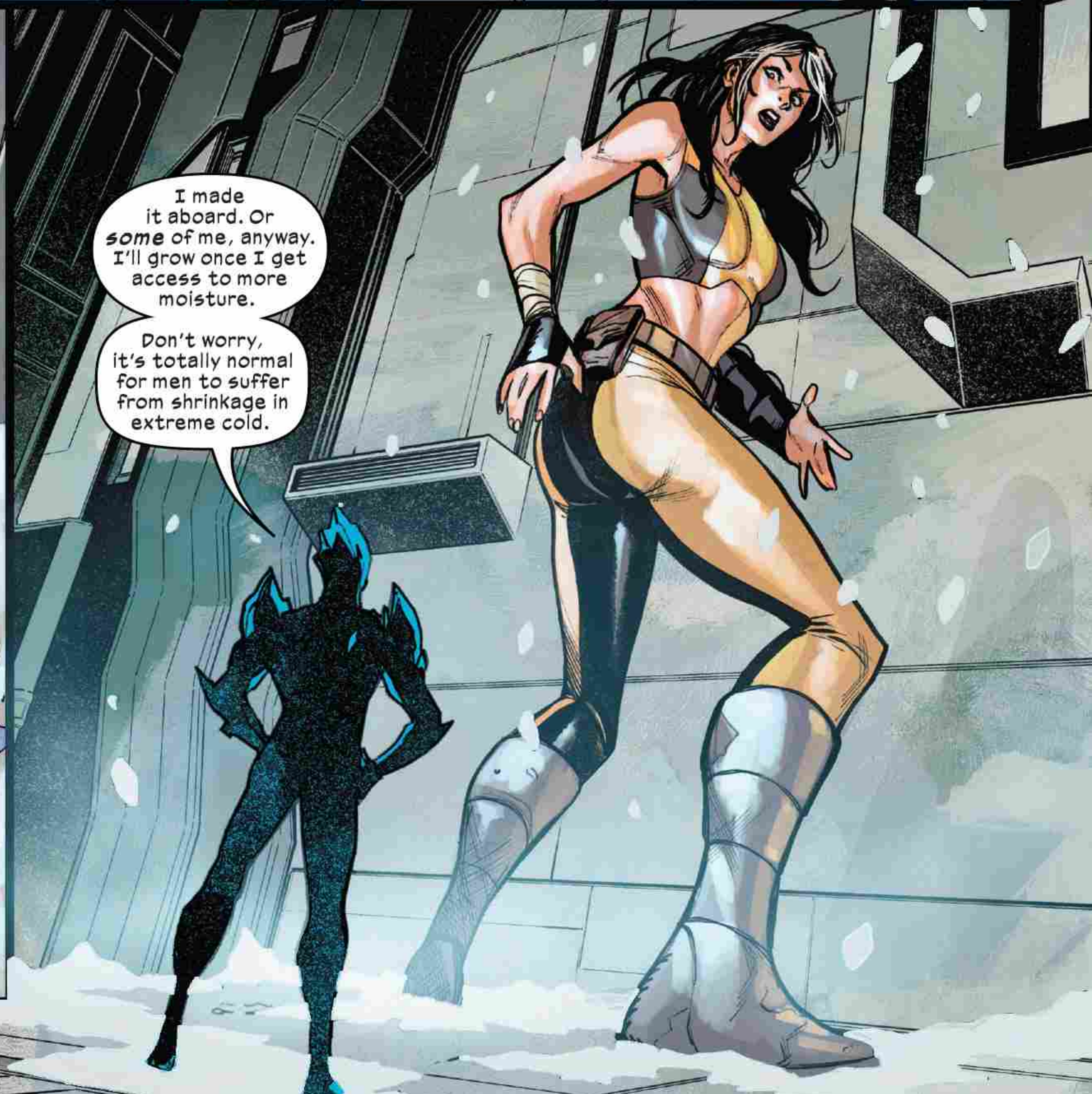
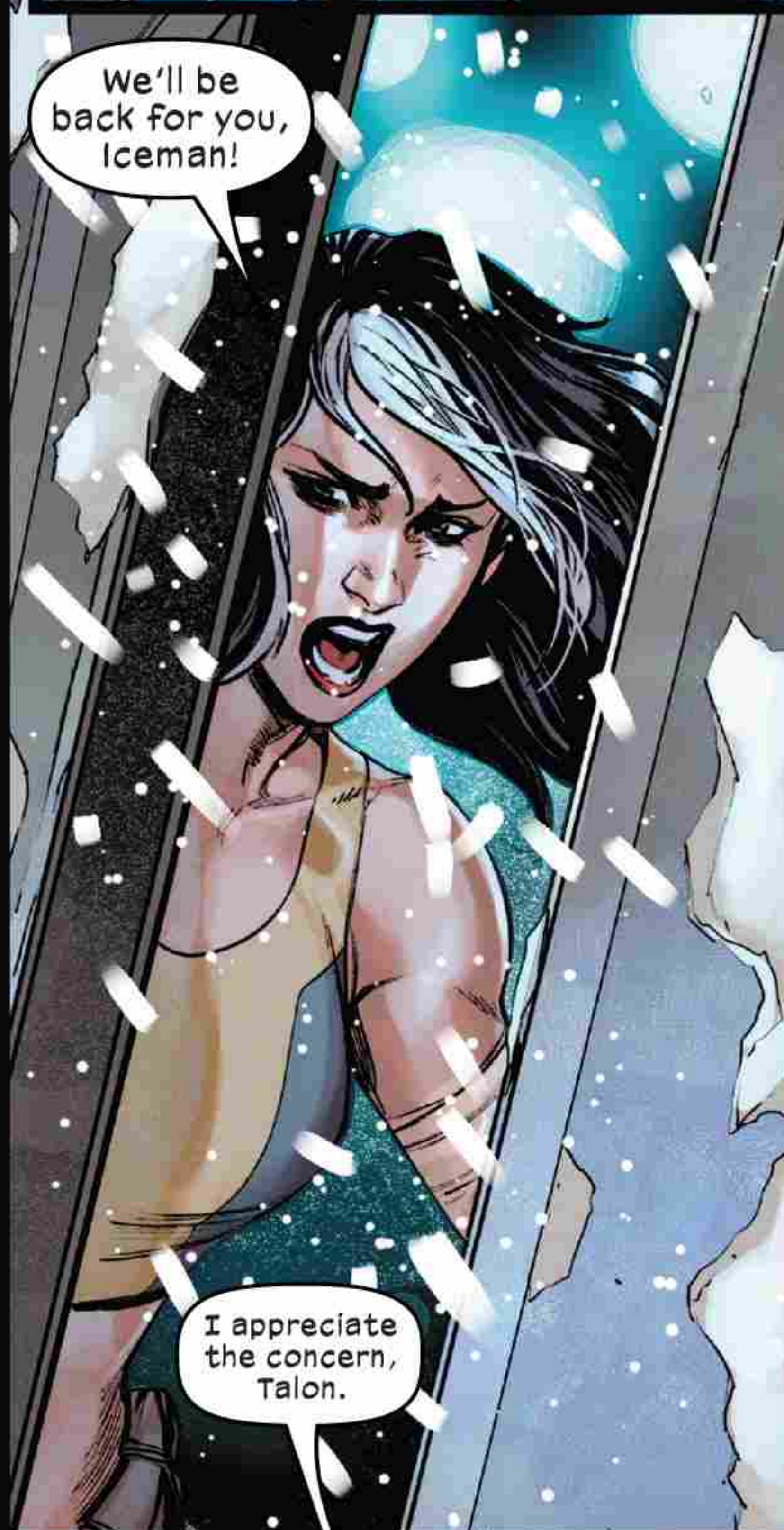


Cyclops
was right...

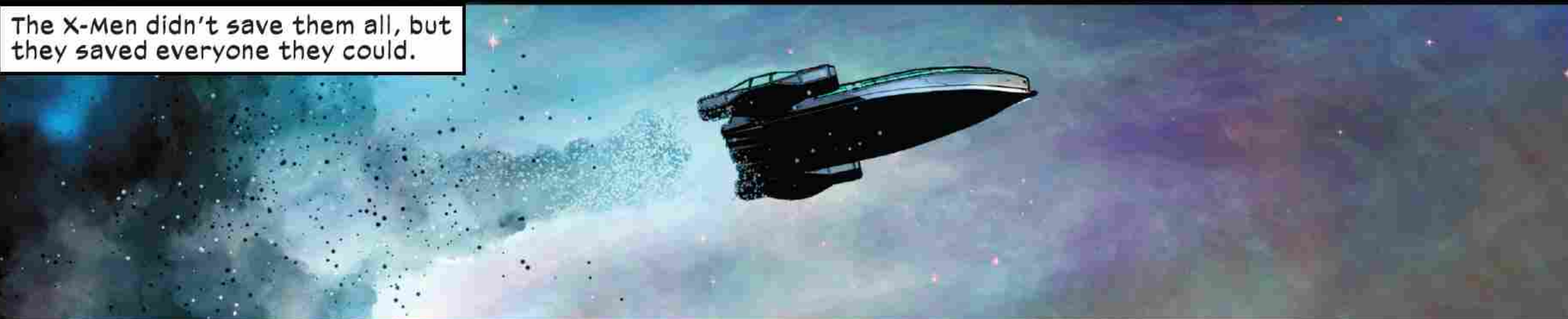


...we
should've
ended all
of you a
long time
ago.





The X-Men didn't save them all, but they saved everyone they could.



That's the job. That's the definition of what it means to serve on the team.



Nice work, you two.



We've had some experience fighting while retreating.



Only half a millennium.



How are we doing? The engines sound... not great?



Yeah. The ship's a complete mess. I wish Forge were here...we could use him right now.



Meanwhile
in another
universe...

...the decapitated Celestial head
known as Knowhere has fallen
through a black hole in a great
symbiote war. It had fallen with a
Krakoan gateway on it and now it's
been commandeered...

...by Forge
and Monet.

So, you're
absolutely positive
that it will only exist
for a moment,
right?

Just like
the rest of us,
Monet.
We all
only exist for
a moment.

Whatever. I
don't wanna die,
but if I do, I don't
want to take the rest
of whatever universe
we're stuck in
with us.



No, don't worry. If the unforeseen happens...it will be a "little pop," not a "big bang."

Well, you did get us back into our correct bodies. On the *second* try.



Sorry about that, but this is my first time as a *universalnaut*.

Now, if you're ready to go...

"...I'll let you do the honors of activating it."



"The baby black hole will only exist for an eighth of a second..."



"...and then we'll be home."

While Forge was busy trying to return from a distant universe, Jean Grey pushed deeper into Broo's mind. From the memories of his time at the Jean Grey School...



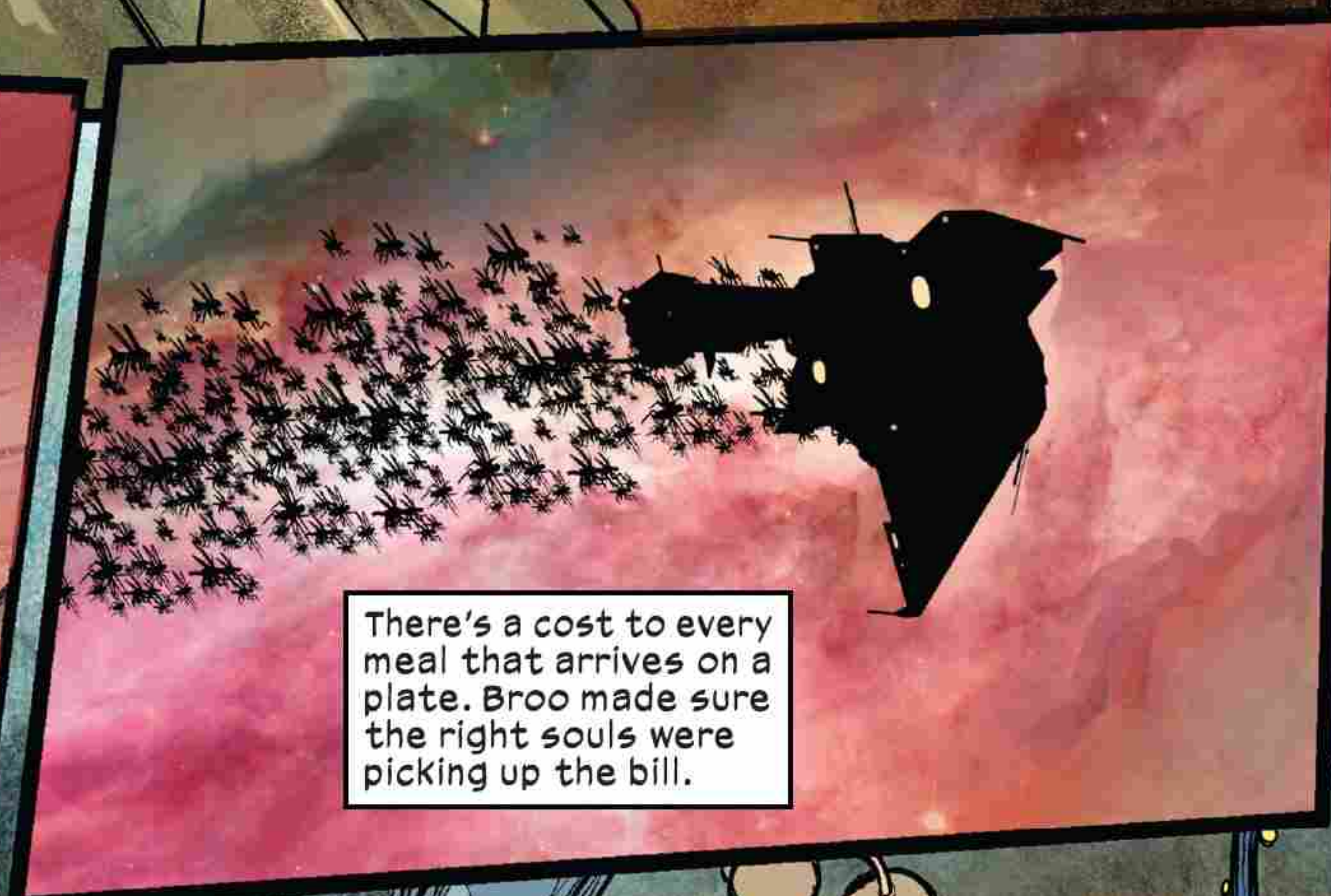
...to when he was made monarch of the Brood.

The hive mind responded to his every whim. The Brood needed to feed and reproduce. Finally, the Brood had a moral compass guiding their physical needs.

KILL THE SLAVERS!



There's a cost to every meal that arrives on a plate. Broo made sure the right souls were picking up the bill.



For the last few months, the Brood have been a force for good in the universe...



...and Broo was not modest about his success.

YES, YOU'RE FREE! AND TELL EVERYONE IT WAS BROO OF THE BROOD WHO LIBERATED YOU!





See, Jean?

That memory of boarding the slave ship is recent and not tampered with in the slightest.

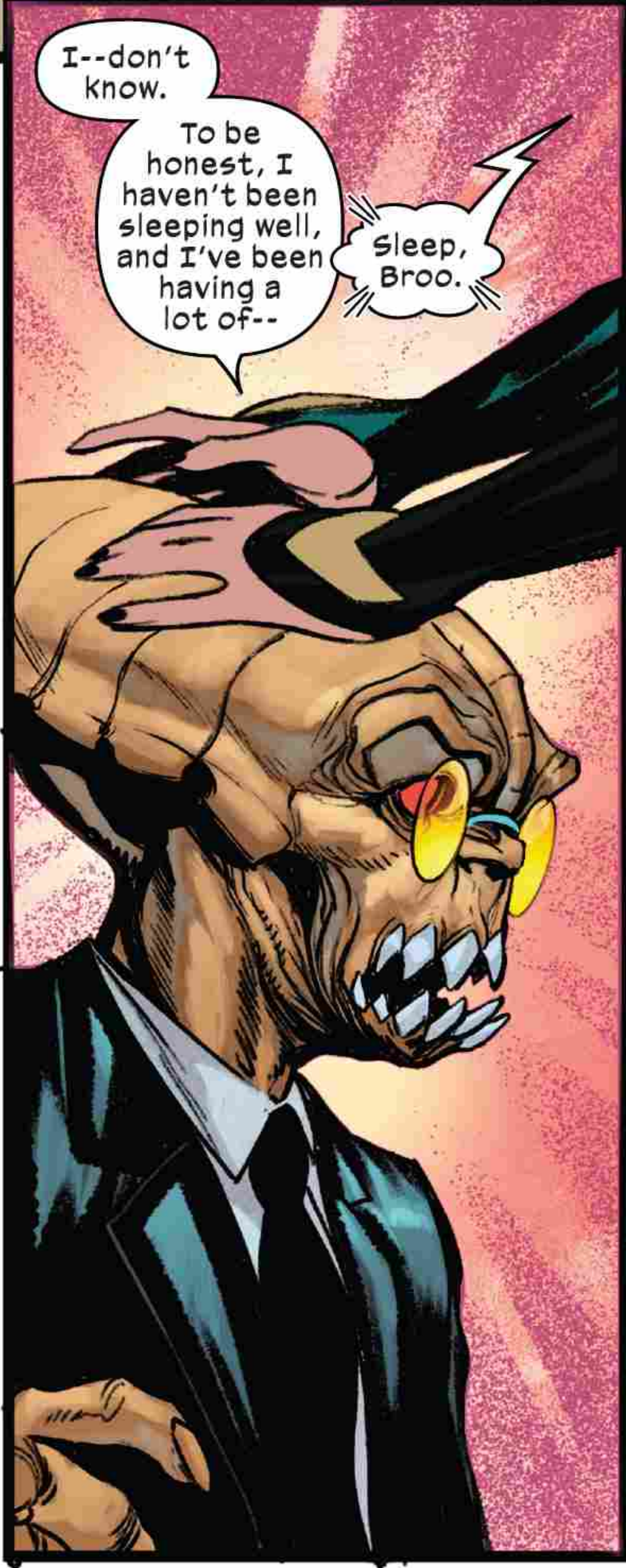
You're like cosmic-horror *Dexter*.

I've spent every waking moment trying to target folks worthy of a visit from... *the Brood*.



I don't know who that is, but if he's a mutant you like, I'll take it as a compliment.

Yes, every *waking* moment... and what happens when you *sleep*, Broo?



I--don't know.

To be honest, I haven't been sleeping well, and I've been having a lot of--

Sleep, Broo.



ZzzZz...



OH NO, NOT YOU!

Nightmare!

Heh.
I've got a score to settle.* You put your disgusting mortal hands on me.

Uh.
Who is this?

A demon.
I know one when I see one.

Jean, Jean,
Jean.
This is for Halloween!

* See X-Men #4 (2020)! --JDW





May I introduce you to my sword?

It loves to eat magic.



I think not. You've got other struggles, unfortunately.

You know that *fear* you're too scared to even give voice to?

Well, it's going to come true *soon*, Illyana.

It's going to course through your veins.



I've been busy, Jean Grey, and I can be quite nosy and quiet when I want. I crept through the dreams of thousands of mutants on your freak-show island.

I had a fun idea to sleepwalk Polaris into crashing every plane on Earth or disrupting the planet's core, but it all seemed so boring.

Then...I found Broo. The runt of his species who was given control of the hive mind?

Well, that is the stuff of nightmares. HA.

As the Brood rampage across the stars, I'll make sure that the nightmares of every race are filled with visions of the true horror behind it all--

--the so-called rulers of Sol are to blame for this new annihilation wave.



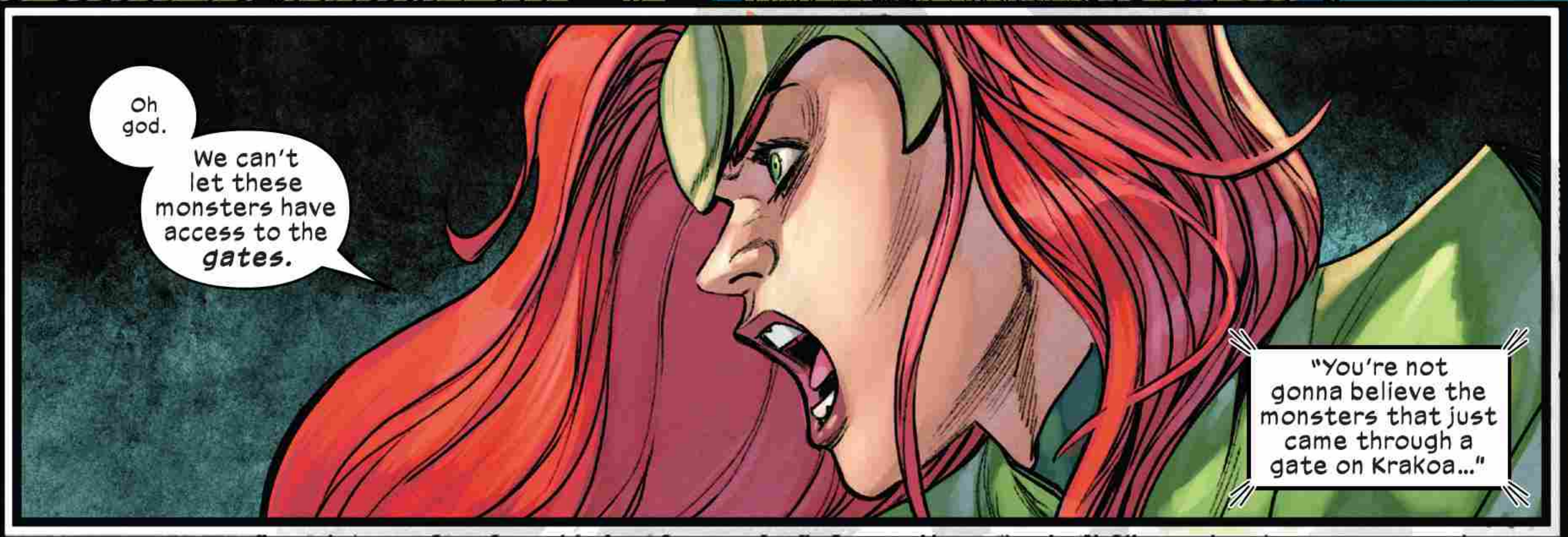


"So, yes. The X-Men are working for me at the moment. Taking refugees that are ticking time bombs into new worlds for the Brood to conquer."

"Did you know that the Brood dream too? I've given them the dream of conquest."

"Mutants changed the very subatomic structure of the universe--such things are dangerous."

"And these horrid bugs that usually skitter through ducts of ships will be free to roam everywhere!"



Oh god.

We can't let these monsters have access to the gates.

"You're not gonna believe the monsters that just came through a gate on Krakoa..."

...I need to alert the council, but I'm giving you a heads-up now, Emma.



One moment.

A mutant arrived to the island for the first time with her *legally* recognized husband.



Are we throwing them a gala too, Sage?

Welcome them home, show them where the biome flowers are, and unless the husband is Doctor Doom or one of the other various miscreants who love to flaunt their fake doctorates, please tell them to enjoy themselves.

I'm currently sparring and getting a royal ass-handing by a woman I tried to recruit as a student.

You're multitasking a telepathic conversation, aren't you?

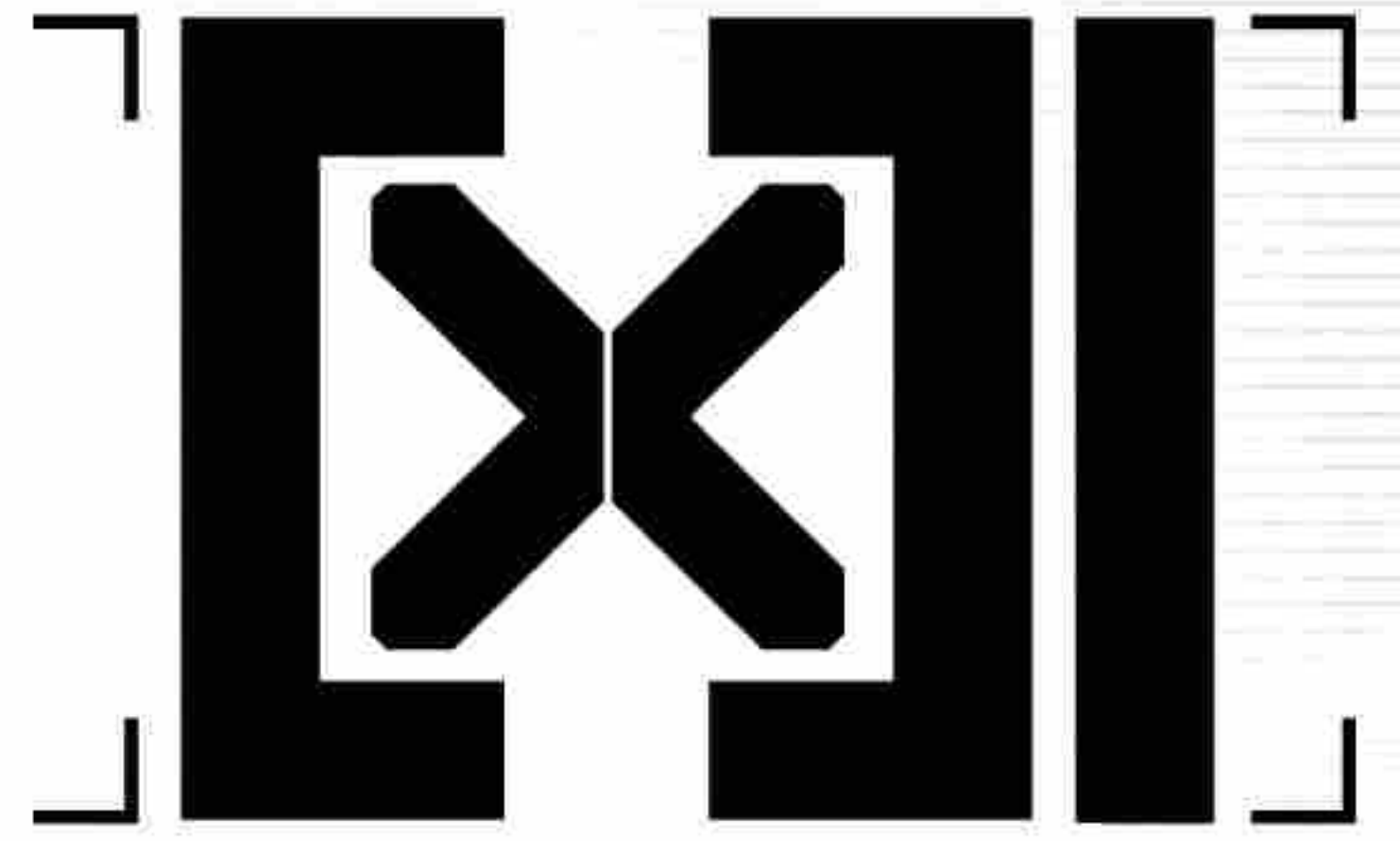
You remember I was trained as a ninja, right?





...Wilson
Fisk claims
Krakoan citizenship
by marriage to
Typhoid Mary.





INTERPOL ARREST WARRANT

Wilson Grant Fisk is currently a fugitive from justice in the Southern District of Manhattan. After whipping up riots to help him illegally hold the office of Mayor of New York City, Fisk fled for parts unknown on a yacht.



Unsealed indictments from SDNY include the following crimes for which a grand jury has decided there is enough merit to prosecute:

- Murder of Matt Murdock, attorney-at-law.
- Incitement of riot.
- Witness tampering.
- Electioneering.
- Tax fraud.
- Making false statements to investigators.

ALIASES:

- Harold Howard
- Stay Puft
- The Brainwasher
- The Undertaker
- Wilbur
- Kingpin

Wilson Grant Fisk will be easy to spot in a crowd. He's 6'7" and nearly 400 pounds. Subject should be considered armed and extremely dangerous. He's presumed to be traveling with his wife, Mary. Contact Interpol if you have seen Fisk.

REWARD: \$250,000

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NEXT



ISSUE:

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Nightcrawlers #2

➤ X-Men #20

X-23: Deadly Regeneration #1

Bishop: War College #2

Immortal X-Men #2

Wolverine #31

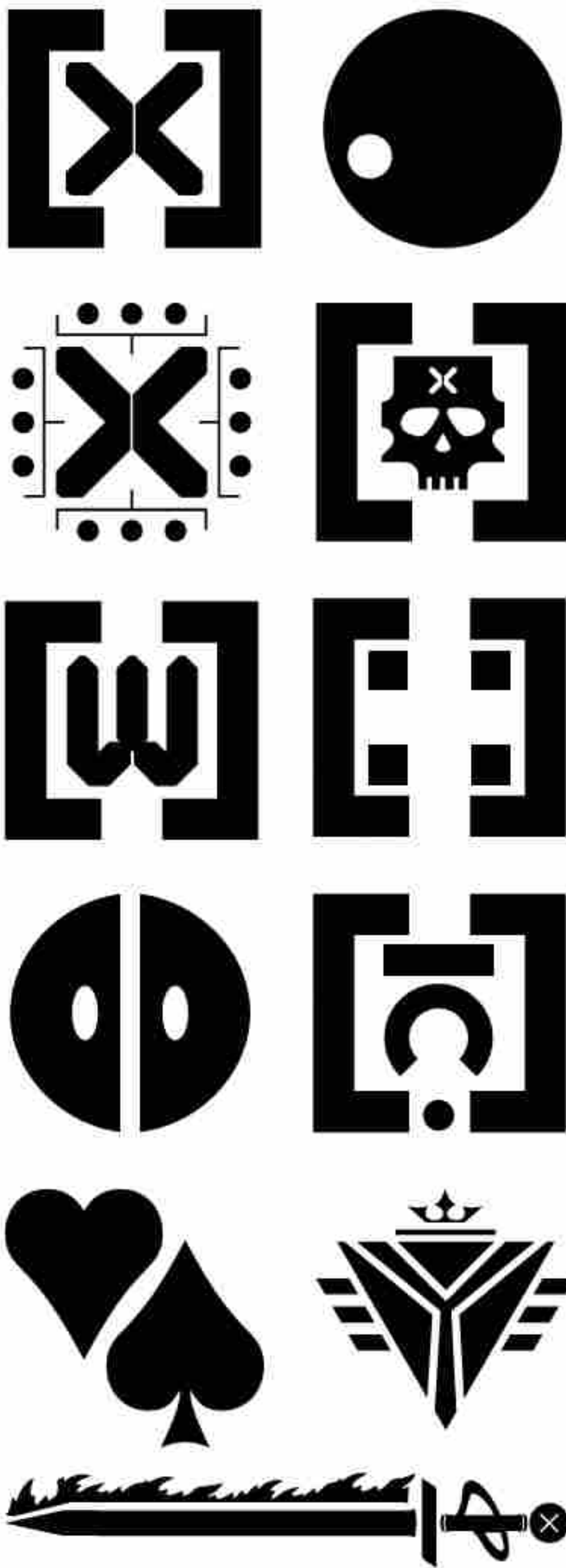
Marauders #12

Storm & the Brotherhood of Mutants #2

Deadpool #5

Sabretooth & the Exiles #5

Betsy Braddock: Captain Britain #2





ZONE